

IDYLS OF ISRAEL

DONAHOE

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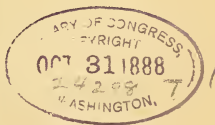
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

IDYLS OF ISRAEL

AND

OTHER POEMS.

David
BY
D. J. DONAHOE.



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BY

D. J. DONAHOE.

of Middletown
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DEDICATION.

TO P. V. BURNETT, M. D.

With trembling heart I launch my little skiff
Upon the billows of a dangerous sea,
Freighted for distant ports with messages
Of faith and hope and love. I fondly search
The heavens for favoring airs to waft her on
To sheltering havens, where the surge and
rock,
Being overpast, shall threaten her no more.

O winds, that o'er the glowing ocean go,
Carelessly sporting with the sounding waves,
Fill these white sails and bear the little boat
Lightly above the dangers of the deep.
O restless ocean, on thy swelling tide
Take the weak vessel, and in peace and joy
Let her glide onward o'er thy passionate way;
For she, perchance, some store of good may
bear.

And thou, O Friend ! whose favoring voice I
claim,
Thy kindly gaze shall follow her away
O'er the wide water on her voyage bold ;
For I have faith, whate'er her fate may be,
Thy dearest prayers shall tend her evermore.

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and

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IDYLS OF ISRAEL.

IDYLS OF ISRAEL.

I.

THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE.

'TWAS in that season when the silver
dew
Sparkles at morning on the budding
flowers,
And all the fields, rejoicing in the
sun,
Put on sweet-scented garments, and
the trees
Ring merrily to the music of the
birds,
That Mary at her cottage-window
stood

Musingly gazing o'er the broad fair
vale,

Where flocks were feeding. Here a
shepherd boy

Lay piping in the shade where the
cool stream

Flowed at his feet; a group of chil-
dren there

With laughing voices, light as any
lark's,

Went gathering flowers; and over-
head the sky,

Cloudless and deep and dark in its
clear blue,

Was filled with balm and breezy hap-
piness.

Fair was the maiden; for her years
had reached

The time when girlhood blooms to
womanhood.

The loosened locks in golden clusters
fell,

Half-hiding from the eye her swan-
like throat ;

On either cheek a damask rose-hue
slept,

Sweet as when moistened by the dews
of morn ;

And round her eyes a holy mildness
hung,

Where shone the beauty of heaven's
stainless blue.

Divine serenity upon her face

Rested, while o'er the liliated fields her
gaze

Went forth, with wordless musings
lighted up.

Her heart was fluttering with a name-
less joy,

A sacred happiness, whereof the cause
She knew not, for the feeling had its
birth

Unconscious in her soul. She gloried
not,

As maidens glory, that her heart had
been

Plighted to Joseph, of the royal house
Of David; for indeed she rather
grieved

To think upon the change from child-
hood's ways.

But now o'erpowered with joy, her
voice went out

In unpremeditated song to Heaven :—

“How beautiful, O Father, are the
things

Thy hand has shaped ! How full of
light and love !

Now comes the sweet Spring clothed
in robes of green,

Bearing the scented blossoms in her
arms,

Glad with the song of bird and mur-
muring

Of crystal rill that laughs adown the
vale

Where happy shepherd tends his feed-
ing flocks ;

And soon the harvest hurries with
rich hand,

With vineyards bending 'neath the
clustering grape,

With orchards laden with the mellow
fruit,
And all the garner, filled with golden
grain,
Blessing the labors of the husband-
man.
How beautiful, O Father, are the
things
Thy hand has finished, and how full
of love!"

And now she turned and to her cham-
ber went
Through which a window opened to
the west,
And the rich radiance of the setting
sun
Came flooding in upon the shining
floor.

And Mary bowed her head in humble
prayer,—

For 'twas the hour of evening sacri-
fice ;

And while she prayed a glory round
her fell

Brighter than were the rich rays of
the sun,

Yet soft and mellow as the moon of
summer ;

And all the room with heavenly odors
sweet

Was filled, as perfumed by a thousand
censers ;

And lifting up her eyes, behold, a man
Clothed all in golden garments beau-
tiful

Stood in the chamber.

“Hail, O, full of grace!
The Lord is with thee.” Pleasanter
that voice
Than the deep breathing of a flute at
eve;
For 'twas the voice of Gabriel, whom
God
Charged with the sacred message to
the maid,
That she was chosen the Virgin of
the Lord
To bring the Son Emanuel to the
world.

A feeling more of wonder than of
fear
Possessed her soul; and much she
marveled what

The salutation and fair presence
meant;

When thus the Angel; "Fear not,
holy maid,

For thou hast favor found with God;
and lo!

Thou shalt conceive and bear a Son,
whose name

Shall be called Jesus, Son of the Most
High.

His father David's throne he shall
possess;

Over the land of Jacob he shall reign;
And of his kingdom there shall be no
end."

Then meekly answered Mary, while a
doubt

She scarce could quell upsprang with-
in her heart,

“Nay, how can this thing be? I know
not man.”

But mild the Angel answering said to
her,—

“To thee the Holy Spirit shall de-
scend,

And in the Father's power o'ershadow
thee,

And holy is the fruit forevermore.

And lo! thy kinswoman Elizabeth,

Who was called barren, blesseth now
the Lord

For that a great soul liveth in her
bosom.”

Then Mary humbly bowing down her
face

Felt her soul kindled, and she answer-
ing said,

“Behold the handmaid of the Lord;
to me

Let it be done according to the word.”

And lifting up her eyes, she was alone,
And the pale moon was hanging in the
sky.

And long she stood in wonder, gazing
out

Into the West where hung that cres-
cent moon

And one bright star below it.. Scarce
her soul

Could grasp the grandeur of the sacred
truth

The glorious Angel uttered. But
through all

A ray of heavenly hope illumed her
mind,

And burned into her heart with fervent love,

Which shone again reflective from
her eyes.

"The Angel of Elizabeth spake," she
said,

"Saying a son shall unto her be born.
Therefore to Hebron I, at morn's first
hour,

And with the joy of her that barren
was,

Unite my happier voice in praise to
God.

For though from Heaven with more
than manna fed,

Yet my soul hungers, and would fain
be filled."

So in the morning while the stars
were still

Bright in the sky, and all the lawns
and glades

Were damp with the cold dew, the
Virgin rose,

And with light footstep from her
chamber hieing,

Journeyed into the South from Naza-
reth.

Tireless and fearless o'er the rugged
way,

O'er hill and valley went she forth
alone;

And on the Sabbath at Jerusalem,
Within the Temple walls, she stayed
to pray;

And on the tenth day, when the sun
was high,

She came unto the house of Eliza-
beth,

And saying, "Peace be with you,"
entered in.

Elizabeth no sooner heard the voice
Than leaped the unborn babe; and
rising up,

Enkindled with the spirit of prophesy,
She spake to Mary:—

“Blest ’mong women thou,
And blest the fruit that cometh from
thy womb!

And whence is so great favor to me
shown

That my Lord's mother should come
unto me?

For lo! the babe within me hailed thy
voice

In joy, for that he knew his Lord
was come.

And blest is she who hath believed
the word;

For what the Lord hath spoken shall
be done."

Then Mary's countenance was lifted
up,

And shone with a soft radiance out
of Heaven;

Such light as falls upon a summer
eve

From the moon soaring through a
cloudless sky,

And with her hands upon her bosom
folded,

She sang:—

“My soul doth magnify the
Lord;
My spirit hath rejoiced in God my
Saviour;
For He upon his handmaid's low es-
tate
Hath kindly looked; and down the
steep of time
All men shall call me blest; for God
hath done
Great deeds to me, and holy is His
name.
His mercy upon them that fear him
falls
From generation unto generation.
His arm is strong; He scattereth the
proud;
The princes from their thrones He
hath put down;

And them of low degree hath lifted
up.

He hath the hungry filled; and sent
the rich

Empty away; His servant Israel
He hath accepted, as to Abraham
He promised, and unto his seed for-
ever."

The soft, clear tones still lingered in
the ear,

Sweetening the silence, as through
rocky glen,

At dewy eve, the echoing music flows
From shepherd's reed when all the
air is calm.

And long the Virgin with up-raised
eyes,

And hands upon her bosom folded
stood,
Until she seemed the blossomed hope
to see
Expanded to the fulness of the har-
vest.

And Mary dwelt at Hebron till the
moon
Had three times formed a crescent in
the west;
Till all the flowers were gone and all
the fields
Lay brown and parched beneath the
fervid sun;
And till the babe, by Angel heralded,
Rejoiced the home of glad Elizabeth.
Then back she hied alone to Galilee,

And as she went her heart outspake
 in prayer,
And oft in lonely places rose her
 voice,
Sweet as the linnet's and as innocent,
In hymns of unpremeditated praise.
And on the Sabbath at Jerusalem
She tarried in the Temple there to
 pray.
And on the tenth day from her jour-
 ney forth
She came unto her home at Nazareth.

II.

THE BABE AT HEBRON.

WHEN men were in the vineyards la-
boring
Where scented grapes were purple, and
the fields
Smiled in the fulness of the ripening
year,
The aged Zachary, whose whitened
beard
And bended head bespoke the lowli-
ness
Of wisdom, and the knowledge of the
Law,
Strode from his pleasant home among
the hills

Of Hebron, in the morning's earliest
beams,
Upon his journey to the Holy City.

'Twas twice a score of years since in
the Temple
He stood before the Council, and was
first
Clothed in the priestly garb. Upon
his cheek
The down was darkening to the man-
lier beard,
And his heart beat with all the joys
of youth.
And long before the sprinkled silver
shone
A warning on his brow of time's swift
wings,

He took unto his home Elizabeth,
Mild as the eve and as the wild-rose
sweet.

Her father came of him who was the
first

To wear the mitre of the golden
crown—

He that on Hor sleeps where his two-
fold top

Looks highest o'er the hated Edomite.
Years since had passed, and still each
fleeting year

Left their sad bosoms childless.
Many an hour

In tearful prayer the woman bowed
and cried :—

“ Turn not from me, O Holy One, who
givest

Wings to the seed to spread the har-
vest wide.

Thy mercy oft hath made the barren
woman

A joyful mother. Grant it thus to me
And bless my womb with issue, or I
die."

Thus did she pray, and with her hus-
band joined

In prayer day after day for many a
weary year.

And filled with musings of his child-
less house

The old man journeyed on through
pleasant fields,

And heard the merry songs of youths
and maids [glebe,

Among the clustering vines, or on the

Or in the flowery pastures, where the
sheep

Nibbled demurely while the young
lambs played.

And ere the sun of noon began to pour
His warmer rays, he reached Jerusa-
lem,

And reverently sought the Holy
Place.

And lots were cast, and it was his to
burn

The incense at the altar; and while
rose

The incense, 'mid his prayers, the
memory came

Of his lone house and childless age;
and forth

In supplication deep his spirit broke:—

“Out of the volume of Thy memory,
Lord,
Blot the transgressions of Thy chosen
ones;
And from our hands accept the lamb
that we
Here in atonement on Thy altar burn;
And Israel’s consolation and his hope
Delay no longer, for our need is great.
Nor look, Lord, on Thy servant’s
worthlessness;
But hear the wish that speaketh in
the heart;
Long have I waited, and Elizabeth,
Now silver grown in years, has waited
long.
Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst. Thy
quickenings hand

Can change our sorrow to exulting
joy."

Now near the altar burst a living
light

And stood an Angel of the Lord, who
spake:—

"Fear not, O Zachary; thy prayer is
heard.

Thy wife Elizabeth shall bear a son
And thou shalt call him John. His
birth shall bring

Gladness to many; for he shall be
great

In the Lord's sight; and he shall go
before

The Anointed, ministering in the
power

And spirit of Elias; and shall shine
A lamp amid the darkness of the
land."

Then Zachary, "Whereby shall I
know this?

For I'm an old man and my wife is
old."—

"Gabriel am I, that in God's presence
stand;

And for that thou has not believed
the word,

Lo! thou art dumb till it shall be ful-
filled."

The Angel thus, and while the priest
yet gazed

The glorious presence melted from his
view.

Long at the altar pondering he de-
layed,

And the throng waiting, marveled at
his stay.

And when he came from out the
Sanctuary

A soft light shone about his counte-
nance,

And they who saw him knew he had
beholden

A vision of the Lord. And rising up
He beckoned to the wondering multi-
tude,

But could not speak the blessing,
being dumb.

Then homeward through the ripened
fields he hied;

On every side the luscious grape gave
out

Its perfumes on the air; and all the
hills,

Garden o'er garden rising to the tops,
Smiled in the golden wealth of har-
vest-time.

The breeze from out the olives wooed
his senses,

And fanned his features with its pleas-
ant wings;

And his heart leaped with gladness as
he went

Through hamlets on the hillsides,
where the cots

Rose flat-roofed, looking down upon
the vales

Each over other, all along the way.

And thus, though dumb his tongue,
his bounding soul

In silence praising sang:—

“Blest be Thy name
Forevermore, O God of peace and
love!

Who lookest on the latest with as
sweet

And tender mercies as upon the first.
Praise God, ye men among the orchard
boughs;

Praise Him, ye toilers on the vine-
clad hills;

Praise Him, ye shepherds on the
mountain sides,

And you, ye dwellers in the city's
walls.

Praise God whose power is seen from
pole to pole;

Seen in the golden fulness of the har-
vest,

Seen in the living glory of the sun,
And in the mellow beauty of the
moon.

Praise God, my soul; a joyful witness
thou

Of his enduring and eternal love.

Praise Him, whose wisdom, 'tender-
ness, and might

Remain among His people evermore."

And when the sunset burned along
the sky

He entered Hebron's hilly streets, and
found

His wife Elizabeth upon the way
To meet him; for a whisper, as she
prayed

In pleading tones to Heaven, fell on
her ear

Saying, "Even as thou prayest it
shall be."

And so, as if her years were young
again,

Joyful she met him saying, "It shall
be!

God's love awakes to us, and it shall
be."

And with his eyes and hands that old
man dumb

Answered in joy and said, "Yea, it
shall be."

And seeing his face soft clothed in
light, she knew

He saw the vision, and she sang in
joy:—

“No more shall men look cold upon
me now
And call me curst, for Thou, Lord, in
Thy love
Hast heard my cry and blessed my
womb with life.
Sing out, O sun and moon; sing out,
ye stars,
Sing out, O earth, and bless the Lord
your God,
For His right hand is full of might
and love.
Sing out to Him, my soul, in endless
praise,
For He hath looked upon thy wear-
ing sorrow,
And thrilled thy senses unto leaping
joy.”

Now when the roses fainted in the
sun,

And flocks for shadow fled unto the
copse,

A dimpled babe with angel eyes was
born

To the glad mother, and his name
was John.

And the priest's tongue being loosed
again, he spoke

Aloud in praises and in prophesy :—

“Blest be the Lord the God of Israel,
Who for the Anointed hath this lamp
prepared!

Thou art a Prophet, Child of the
Most High ;

The Herald of the Christ. Thou
shalt arise

To give them light that in the dark-
ness sit,
And in Death's shadow; and our
steps shalt guide
Into the sweet and balmy ways of
peace."

His gaze was fixed upon the midmost
heaven,
Where the bright sun looked down
but blinded not
That eye prophetic; and his hands
upon
His heart were folded, whilst his long
white beard,
Parted upon the throat, waved in the
breeze.
Anon his eyes went o'er Judea's hills

And rested on the distant walls of
Sion.

Then in the spirit of the mellow time
Whose lustrous wings of gold and
emerald

Shall shadow all the world in holy
light

Mild darkened from the presence of
the Lord,

He cried with ecstasy :—

“O happy world,

When man in man the sacred sign
shall see

Which shows each soul to the Creator
kin,

And feel the influence drawing ever
up

And closer to the heart of the Most
High!

O happy earth! the golden dawn is
near

When the chill night of sorrow shall
be spent,

And the great Sun of Love shall warm
the world."

III.

THE BABE AT BETHLEHEM.

THE land, sore-thirsting from the har-
vest heat,
Was waked to gladness by the later
showers,
And all the hills of Galilee again
Put on new robes of verdure, and the
vales
Were sweet with grasses and the
breath of flowers.
And when the clouds broke, scattering
from the day,
In pale confusion to the mountain
tops,
It seemed the Spring in tender care
had come

And thrown her mantle o'er the smiling scene.

And out of Nazareth as the sun up-rose,

Gilding the villages with level rays,
The Virgin, seated on a lowly beast,
And gray-haired Joseph walking at her side,

Down the hill-slope went forth, while yet the dew

Twinkled with changing lustre on the green ;

And from the orchard and the shadowy grove

A thousand birds sent up their morning-song.

Alone they journeyed on ; for out of Rome

Came the decree that all should be
enrolled—

Each in the city of his own house en-
rolled ;

And they of David's house to Bethle-
hem

Hastened obedient to the high decree.

And down across the plain of Esdrae-
lon,

Through smiling fields and pleasant
villages,

And watery dells with herbs exhaling
sweet,

And olive-groves where the mild dove
was heard,

And many a warbler, flitting in the
shade,

Sang merrily out, all day their way
they held,
Till the red sunset faded from the
West
And one by one their moving guard
the stars,
Undimmed by any moon, set in the
sky,
Cold-sparkling in the silent walk of
Night.
The second day rose cloudless, and
they went
Along the land of the Samaritans
Whose city the proud Edomite, who
sat
Profane on David's throne, had late
adorned
With boundless riches and magnifi-
cence,

And honored with the mighty Cæsar's
name.

On the third day the scorpion-haunted
hills

Guarding Judea from the Assyrian
crew

That lorded o'er the land of Ephraim
They passed ere yet an hour of sun-
light shone.

And all day long through places sacred
made

By memories of eld they wended
on—

Through Shiloh, where the Ark of
God remained

Till Eli's faithless sons profaned the
Law ;

Along the tearful Baca's vale, now
sweet

With verdure freshened by the show-
ery skies ;
Through Bethel's venerable walls,
where erst
Jacob in dreams beheld the vision
fair
Of angels and the glory of God ; and
past
Rama, high-seated, where the prophet
saw
Rachel in sorrow for her children
weeping ;
Into the gates of fair Jerusalem,
Where pausing on the way as even-
ing fell,
They sought the Temple, there to call
on God.
And when the stars shone brightest in
the blue,

And Night with sable pall enwrapped
the world,
With weary steps up the steep hill
they hied,
And reached their journey's end at
Bethlehem.

Now, Sacred Spirit, fire my tongue to
sing
In seemly words the Saviour's humble
birth;
How in the lowly cave at midnight
hour,
Of stainless Virgin born, to earth He
came,
None present but that guardian angel-
taught,
Worthy of David's house and heart;
and clad

In swaddling clothes, was in rude
manger cradled,

An Infant God! the Ruler of the
Spheres!

Put on Humanity for love of Man!

And Joseph seeing, bowed his face to
earth

In adoration of the Incarnate Word;
Whilst light mild-darkened from the
throne of God

Illumed the cave, and heavenly harp-
ings sweet

Tinkling resounded as the old man
sang:—

“Rejoice, O Sion’s daughter! Shout
for joy,

O daughter of Jerusalem ! Thy King
Liveth, and the Anointed One of God
Hath taken His abode in Israel.

Rejoice, O Israel ! for the promises
To Abraham and the fathers made of
yore

Our God hath kept, and in this Babe
fulfilled.

A light hath dawned upon the world
whose rays

Shall pierce the centre of remotest
time,

And ripen unto mellow fruit the hope
In man's soul budding through the
bounds of earth.

And tremble, thou, O ruthless Edomite,
That in the Holy Place set'st impious
foot !

For the just vengeance of the living
God,
Who visiteth His own in gentle peace,
Pursueth the wicked with a sword of
fire."

And round the Virgin's face hung
wreathing rays,
Soft as the moon's from dewy welkin
falling,
Her eyes fond lingering on the tender
Babe;
And bowing down, her heart went out
to Him
Who riding on the whirlwind melts
in mercy;
And in low tones of ravishment she
sang,

As all unconscious that her words had
shape ;—

“ Our Hope is come, and shall not si-
lence keep,
As by the prophet king of Juda
spake ;
A fire shall burn before Him, and
around
About Him shall a mighty tempest
be ;
Gather together, all ye saints, for lo !
The heavens declare His justice ; and
our Judge
Hath found His Israel worthy of His
love.”

How the stars blazed at that calm
midnight hour !

Seemed they to gaze upon the lowly
cave,
Where their dread ruler as a smiling
babe,
Type of his own eternal gentleness—
O, wondrous thought!—lay cradled
in a manger.

And there were Shepherds near to
Bethlehem,
Tending their flocks upon the shadowy
lawn,
And keeping the slow watches of the
night.
And while their eyes explored the
azure deeps,
And marked the icy spheres seem
starting forth

Out of the restless firmament, they
 spake
Together, wondering at the unwonted
 sight.

Seemed as the heavens, to solemn
 ... grandeur moved, ...
Bowed listening down unto the silent
 earth,
While brooded awful calm o'er all
 the world.

Now from the zenith rays of golden
 glory
On every side in slanting streamers
 fell,
And in rich radiance clothed, an
 Angel came
Bearing a harp with olive-leaves
 adorned,

And mighty fear the Shepherds' bosoms shook.

But calm the Angel spake—"Be not afraid;

I bring to you good tidings of great joy;

For unto you is come this day a Saviour,

The Christ, our Lord! an infant lowly born,

In swaddling clothes he lieth in a manger."

Then suddenly a thousand mellow sounds

Fell from the skies, and all the air rang out

With heavenly harmony that thrilled the soul

To piercing rapture sweet; and the
high dome

Was oped, and a celestial choir ap-
peared

All glory-robed, and lovelier than the
morning,

Harping on golden lyres, and sweetly
singing,

“Glory to God on high and peace to
men.”

Soon all the radiance vanished and
the night

With silent darkness and the blazing
stars

Returned; and sore amazed the Shep-
herds stood

Mute-gazing heavenward where the
vision was,

The cadence echoing still along the
sky,
“Glory to God on high and peace to
men.”

Then eager o'er the hill to Bethle-
hem
They hurried, burning to behold the
Word ;
And on the slope that stoops towards
Sion's walls
They found the manger where the
Sacred Babe
In purest loveliness was slumbering.
On either side the humble crib re-
clined
That spotless Virgin-Mother and her
spouse,

Silently pondering the deep mystery,

And in the fulness of the Word rejoicing.

And seeing, in one voice the Shepherds sang,

While from the east the purple morning broke,

And Night with all her shadows swept away ;

Loud in one voice the simple Shepherds sang :—

“ Praise God, my tongue, praise Him forevermore,

For all the miseries of the world are o’er,

And the Redeemer liveth in the land.

Praise God, my soul, for from thy
bondage freed,

The new-born Infant bringeth life
indeed,

And thy Redeemer liveth in the
land.

Praise God, ye Powers, for all your
strife hath end;

Here is the rich man's hope, the poor
man's friend,

And your Redeemer liveth in the
land.

Praise God, O sun and moon; praise
Him ye skies;

For from His presence every shadow
flies,

And our Redeemer liveth in the
land."

IV.

THE BAPTIST.

IN a gray hollow 'neath a beetling
cliff

Whose rugged form uprose amid the
clouds,

Naked of herbage, dazzling in the sun,
And frowning o'er the barren hills
and dells

That slowly settled to the Dead Sea's
edge,

Sate, in sad musings rapt, that Naza-
rite

Whose coming of the Angel was fore-
told,

The herald of the Anointed One of
God,

To go before his face and all his ways
Prepare. Silent he sate, and motionless,
Leaning against the damp walls of the
cave.

The clustering hair o'er his broad
shoulders hung ;

His beard was parted at the throat,
and fell

Profuse on either side ; his bold, black
eyes

Were fixed upon the tumbling clouds
that rolled

Up from the sea with angry thunder
laden ;

And his strong features, touched with
sorrow, like

The tearful glory of the rainbow shone,
Reflecting all the loveliness within.

The hungry vulture and the barking
fox

Unheeding and unheeded passed him
by ;

The deadly viper glided at his feet
Unnoticed ; and amid the straggling
brush

The gold-winged songsters, with melodious note,

From morn till evening sang. Dark-
blue the sea,

Unruffled by the curling of a wave,
Lay in the distance ; and a wearying
glare

Oppressive dwelt upon the hills and
dells.

Adown the clefts the swollen mountain
brooks,

Hoarsely resounding o'er their myriad
falls,
Rushed under cavernous hollows, and
again
Spread glittering in the sun, or struggled forth
Through shrivelling verdure to the
silent sea.

The joys of home and self-indulgent
ease,
And decent honor as a priest of God,
He set behind him, and in solitude
Communion night and day held with
the Lord.

Now rising from his rocky seat he
drew

His leathern girdle tighter, and let fall
In heavy folds his robe of camel's
hair,

And with his eyes still on the swell-
ing clouds,

He lifted up his voice to God and sang
In deep and mellow tones that floated
far

Adown the sleepy hollows of the hills,
In sorrow echoing from cliff to cliff,
And rousing all the hundred eremites
Who dwelt amid the mountains.

Thus he sang :—

“ O dooméd land ! how has thy faith-
ful city

Become the throne of idols ! how thy
gardens

The nests of venomous vipers ! Thy
good grapes

In watered vineyards fostered, render
vines

That only wild-grapes yield. Thy
tender lambs

That trustful in thy grassy pastures
ran

Are fallen to hungry wolves. And
nought remains

Of all thy glory and thy godliness.

And all thy strength grown weak
avails thee nought;

For where thy wisdom, hope, and
beauty bloomed

Are desolation, mockery, and despair.

“But Thy throne is forever, God of
Hosts.

Thy glory still endureth. In Thy
palm

Thou hold'st the thunderbolt; and
with Thy hand
Guidest the stars along their circling
way.

Thou takest from the briny sea sweet
rain

To make the earth rejoice, and from
the mould

Send forth the living green. But
Lord, Thy love

Is boundless as Thy might, and Thou
wilt show

Mercy to him that humbly seeketh
Thee.

Therefore, O Israel, repent, repent!
Look on thy soul and dread the wrath
to come!

Do penance crying to thy God for
'mercy,

And seek His favor ere it be too
late."

He ceased, for sorrow weighed upon
his heart.

His strong lips quivered, and his head
bowed low

Upon his bosom; for his soul beheld
The sins of Sodom in the land of
God.

And they who dwelt among the
gloomy caves

In the deep wilderness, waked by the
voice,

Came forth and mutely gazed upon
the man.

Then girding up his loins he strode
away

Northward along the sea towards
Jordan's wave;
And they, God-fearing, followed after
him
Saying, "Behold the Prophet of the
Lord."

And now the sun was blotted from
the sky
And distant mutterings of thunder
told
The coming of the rain. The light-
ning flash
Glanced on the whitened rocks, and
the great drops
Pattered upon the thirsting earth.
The sea
Rolled up in leaden billows, and the
shore

Resounded to the dashing of the
wave.

And they who followed, hanging on
the words

The Baptist uttered as he hurried
forth,

Now unto sheltering caves in pallid
fear

Betook themselves. But he with
steady step,

Unmindful of the darting lightning-
flash,

Unmindful of the crashing thunder-
clap,

Or rushing rain that down the moun-
tain sides

Sent angry torrents, kept upon his
way.

And when black night o'er-powered
the trembling earth,
And held the stars imprisoned, and
the roar
Of unseen cataracts in the mountains
came
Threatening the deafened ear, a friend-
ly cave
Afforded shelter till the morning
time
Sent him with safer foot upon his
way.

And whilst along the wilderness he
went,
Crying "Repent, and bring forth
worthy fruit;
For lo! the day of God is near at
hand!"

His voice aroused the wondering multitudes ;

And all Jerusalem came out to him,
And all Judea, and the region round
The Jordan; and they knew he came
of God,

And spake with tongue touched by
the fire of truth.

And many at Bethabara, coming
down

And entering the Jordan, were baptized,

And grieving wept confessing all
their sins.

But 'mid the throngs upon the river's
banks

The Baptist saw the oily hypocrites

And smiling scoffers of the word of
God,
And calling out to them, he cried
aloud :—

“Ye brood of vipers! wherefore do
ye flee
From the impending wrath? Be
penitent,
And do the good that lieth in your
power.
And flatter not yourselves for that ye
have
Abraham for your father; for the
Lord
Can in his might of these vile pebbles
make
Children of Abraham. Turn while
ye may,

And seek in mercy Him that mercy
gives."

And many wondering said, "Lo, this
must be
The Christ that cometh to redeem the
world."

But answered John; "Nay, I indeed
baptize

With water: but there cometh One
whose shoes

Not worthy I to carry. He with Fire
And with the Spirit shall baptize.

His fan

Is in His hand to cleanse His thresh-
ing-floor,

And gather up the wheat into His
garner."

And Jesus came from Nazareth to
 John,
To be baptized, and meek before him
 stood
In Jordan's water.

 But the Prophet's soul
Knew his Redeemer; and with humble heart
Bowed down, he said, "And comest
 Thou to me?
Nay, I have need to be of Thee baptized,
O Son of Man." But Jesus answering
 said
In accents meek, "'Tis well that
 righteousness
Should be fulfilled;" and stooping
 was baptized.

Then loud unto the throng the Baptist spake ;—

“Behold the Lamb of God! behold the Lamb

Who taketh from the world its weight of sin!

Behold the Lamb who bringeth joy to man!”

And Jesus coming up, lo, all the skies
Were cloven, and the Holy Spirit
came

Down-soaring like a dove; and the
pale heavens

Rang with the awful voice of God,
“My Son

Beloved art Thou; in Thee am I well
pleased.”

V.

THE CHRIST.

“HE left the throng and hath not
since appeared.

None knoweth where He went. For
when He rose

From prayer, the dove-like Spirit
having risen

And vanished in the highest vault of
heaven,

And the loud voice of God proclaim-
ing Him

The Son beloved being hushed and
heard no more,

He left the throng and no man saw
Him go,

And none hath seen Him since.

“The new moon then
Hung peaceful in the west beside the
star

Of evening; but that moon hath
waxed and waned,

And now the second moon is past the
full.

While yesterday John at the Jordan
preached,

Came priests and Levites from Jerus-
alem

Asking ‘Art thou the Christ?’ and
he replied,

‘Neither the Christ nor yet Elias I,
Nor any prophet, but the voice of one
Crying in the wilderness, ‘Make
straight the way,

For the Lord cometh to baptize with
fire!

Even now, indeed, He liveth in your
land,

And you have known Him not.'

“Thus answered John,
'Yet oft with straining vision have I
sought

The wondrous man whose clear, calm
eyes did burn

Into my inmost soul with holy power,
But I have found Him not.'”

“’Twould please me well
To see this strange and holy man of
whom

Thou speakest, brother.”

Thus did Andrew say,
And thus his brother Simon made
reply:

The rising moon looked over fields of
flowers
That nodded to the passing breeze,
and gave
Their sweetest perfumes forth. And
all the hills
Robed in rich green and crowned
with odorous groves
Slept softly in the silver dewy light,
Or listened to the singing nightin-
gales.

And now came John the son of Zeb-
edee,
Who oft with Andrew sought amid
the crowds
To find the Holy One they once had
seen,

To gaze into the eyes that held them
still,

And yet evaded still their constant
search—

Came John bar-Zebedee, who said,
“Behold

I go unto the Jordan once again.

My soul is hungering to see the man
And hear his voice. I know he will
return

And speak to us. Say, will ye go
along

With me, my brothers?” “Yea,”
said Andrew, “I

Will seek him with thee to the ends
of earth.”

“And I,” quoth Simon, “when ye
find the man,

Will follow after you. But now my
work

Presses me to the duty of the hour,
Which must not be denied."

And he repaired
Unto the Sea of Galilee, and they
Hastened along the Jordan to the
place

Where preached the Baptist to the
multitudes.

And Jesus from the wilderness, where
long

'Mong savage beasts he dwelt, far
from the haunts

Of man, and smote his flesh with tire-
less fasting,

And sought the Father's ear in end-
less prayer

And holy meditation, and o'ercame
The Evil Power by vanquishing the
clay,

Returned; and on the morrow stood
beside

The Jordan where the Baptist taught.
And he

Seeing cried out: "Behold the Lamb
of God!

Behold the One on whom the heav-
enly dove

Came from the Father, showing the
world the Son."

Now they of Galilee with fluttering
hearts

Rejoicing, and with longing souls, be-
held

The Holy One ; and following after
him

To bathe their spirits in his sacred
voice

They meekly said, " Rabbi, where
dwest thou ? "

And Jesus answered them in gentle
words

" Follow and see." And glad they
went with him

Unto a place upon the hillside, where
The wild grape blossoms from the
clustering vines,

That gave sweet shadow in the sun
of noon,

Sent richest fragrance out upon the
breeze.

The murmuring of the Jordan, mov-
ing swift

Along his pebbly bed, came from
below,
And from above, among the vines
and trees,
A thousand melodies of singing birds.

Here on the turf with moistened verdure cool—

The dew-drops lingering still amid
the shade—

The Saviour sate him down and also
they.

Then first he spake saying, "Where-
fore seek ye me?"

And they both answering said, "Thou
art the Truth,

In seeking Thee we sought the Life
and Truth."

Then Jesus answered them with tender
voice:—

“The soul that seeketh me shall never
walk

In darkness; nor yet shall the daz-
zling light

His eyeballs overcome. For though
the truth

Is terrible to angels, it shall be

Through me made mellow to the
weaker flesh.

The Father veiled his features in a
‘cloud

On Sinai, lest the people seeing should
die.

But ye behold the Father and the Son
In equal power, and yet your eye not
aches.

For then the law of love was incom-
plete

Through human stain. Now Love
itself is law

Made perfect by Divinity in man.

The world has wept for waiting long
the day

When the Word promised should be
man. And now

The weeping world knows not the
Word it sees.

But ye who seek shall see and under-
stand.

Blessed is he that seeketh for the
Word,

For his eyes shall be opened to the
glory."

Then turning to the sun that o'er the
hill

Hung westering on a pillow of white
cloud

That grew from the horizon, widening
And rising up in silver flame, he
said :—

“ You gaze upon the sun, your eye is
dazed ;

And seeing no beauty there you turn
away.

But on the moon at night you lean
your eye

In rapture and exclaim, ‘ How beauti-
ful ! ’

Yet in the barren hills and waterless
Ravines, you see no beauty but the
light

Thrown back upon you mildly from
the sun.

So through the flesh the glory and the
light,

Divine and radiant as in Heaven's
halls,

Come lovingly and sweetly to the
soul."

And seeing in a tree among the
blooms

A little linnet toiling at his nest,
And pausing oft amid his toil to sing,
As if with song to cheer his russet
mate ;

Pleased with the work and song the
Master said :—

“Behold the linnet how he labors
here.

He buildeth well, rejoicing at his toil;
Nor thinketh he of others, how they
build,

Or worse or better. And he singeth
well,

Giving in joy that which he hath to
give,

Nor grieves for that he hath not. So
be it

With you, my brothers; for the
Father hath

Good use for every one, both great
and small.

And he that giveth joyfully giveth
well.

Nor look upon the faults of other
men;

But on your own. For he who seek-
eth out
The faults of others, laboreth in vain,
And doeth wrong ; but whoso humbly
seeks
His own, doth well and shall be thrice
repaid."

And thus all the long lovely after-
noon,
Until the sun beneath the flushing
west
Sank, and the radiant purple clouds
burned out
With darkening splendor, rapt to
silence they
Hung listening on sweet words of
Jesus, spake

As ne'er man spake before. And
evening fell

Ere yet they were aware, and left them
there

Sorrowing; for the Master, going
forth

Alone into the wilderness to pray,
Bade them not follow.

With unwilling steps
Returning to the sea of Galilee
All the long night they travelled, in a
stream

Of vapory moonlight bathed, their
sандаled feet

Wet with the dew-drops sparkling on
the green.

And still upon the words they dwelt,
and each

Repeating ever some sweet utterance
 made
The tedious journey brief and pleasant
 seem.

Now on the morrow, when the rising
 sun
Made ruddy with his level rays the
 sea,
Mending his nets beside the shore,
 they found
Simon in fretful mood, for that his
 toil
Through the long night brought forth
 but little fruit.
But they soon joining in the work,
 told all
The holy words they heard the Sav-
 iour speak ;

And listening with enraptured ear,
 he sate
Undmindful of his toil, and longed to
 see
The man whose words sank burning
 in his soul.

And soon they were aware of Jesus
 near
Upon the sea-shore, and he said to
 them,
“Follow me and be fishers of men’s
 souls.”
And coming to the shore they followed
 Him.

VI.

THE PASSING OF THE BAPTIST.

WRAPPED in Night's starry mantle,
on the slope
Of Jordan where the meadows blossomed, sate
The Nazarite, who late among the throng
Proclaimed the Lamb to an unbelieving world.
To heaven's farthest deeps he bent his gaze,
And seemed beyond the smallest stars
to see
Rich realms of love and rest and loveliness

Where sin dare enter not and sorrows
cease.

Long in the calm, amid the falling
dew,

With ravished eye upturned, he sate,
and soon,

Borne from the world upon the wings
of love,

He seemed to soar with Angels near
the Throne.

Then loud, in tones that rang adown
the stream,

And roused the echoes through the
rocky dell,

He joined the Prophet-King of old
and sang :—

“The dead can praise Thee not, O
Lord, nor they

That are gone down into the shadowy
vale ;

But we who live shall sing in hymns
Thy praise

From now forever to the end of time.

“ From when the Sun comes thro’ his
amber gate

Till on his fiery-curtained couch he
sleeps

Thy name is worthy of all praise, O
Lord,

From now forever to the end of time.

“ Thy mercy lives, nor is Thy word
forsworn.

And in the promise shall the Gentile
hope ;

From pole to pole Thy mighty name
shall ring

From now forever to the end of time.

“For who is like the Holy One, whose
hand

Hath raised the needy up to stand
with Kings?

Before His face the godless horde
shall fly

From now forever to the end of time.”

He ceased; but long the silence of the
place

Swelled as with sounds of harmony;
and now

The nightingale within a bower of
vines

Took up the strain, and with his
liquid voice

Trilled rapturous music forth upon
the night.

Then foot-steps falling lightly on his
ear

Aroused the Prophet from his revery,
And turning he beheld one who out-
spake

In breathless haste :—

“ Fly, Master, for behold !
In glittering raiment clad and bearing
arms

Soldiers from Herod come in search
of thee.”—

“ Nay ; whoso placeth in the Lord
his trust

Feareth not any man. Then where-
fore fly ?”

And now in sounding armor came the
troop

From Herod's impious son, that Anti-
pas

Who with Herodias lived in double
crime,

His niece and brother's wife. The
nightingale

Broke frightened midway in his
melody

And flitted to a distant tree. "We
come,"

Quoth one, "from good Prince Herod,
seeking him

Men call the Baptist. Rabbi, art
thou he?"—

"Yea! whither would ye have me
go, and why?"—

“The King desires thy presence, come
away.

We join him at Machærus.”—With
rude hand

Laid on the shoulder of the godly
man

They bade him tarry not ; and rising
up

With fearless step he followed, hurry-
ing forth

All the chill night along the rugged
way

From Jordan's shore to Makor's
gloomy hold.

And now of all the crowds who came
to him,

And drank with open hearts his
thrilling words,

But one remained, who clung unto
the priest,
And followed him with sobs and
bitter tears.

For only yesterday at Salem came
Disciples chafing from a late dispute
Concerning Jesus, and to John ex-
claimed:—

“Rabbi, that man to whom beyond
the Jordan

Baptizing thou borest witness, lo! he
now

Baptizeth and the people flock to
him.”

But John, uplifting in glad tones his
voice:—

“The bride-groom’s friend and not the
bridegroom I;

Even now my soul rejoiceth in his
word

That soundeth through the land. His
star shall grow,

But mine shall wane and vanish in
the light,

That comes to flood the world." Thus
John; and they

Who deemed him until now the
greater prophet,

Disheartened, turned and left him.

Only one

Remained, who now in sobs and tears
Followed the Baptist. Faithful Man-
aën he,

That foster-brother of vile Antipas,
Who later into Antioch did take
The saving story of the Son of God.

And Herod's machinations well he
knew
To hurt the Baptist for imagined
wrongs ;
And knew the power that bold Hero-
dias held
Over the spirit of her cowardly lord,
And her black malice toward the holy
man.

For late the prince came unto Enon's
fount
And heard the fiery preacher pro-
phesy
The coming of the Kingdom ; and he
sought
With feigned humility the way to
peace:—

“First put away thy brother Philip’s
 wife ;
The law commands it,” spake with
 fearless voice
The man of God. Mute terror struck
 the king,
Who turning left. And now with fell
 design,
Fearing his thrilling words among the
 people,
He brings the Nazarite to black Mach-
 ærus.

Red morning rose o’er Arnon’s roar-
 ing flood
Lighting the dew-drops on’the grassy
 plain,
And waking birds to gladsome melody,

What time they reached the palace ;
 and the doors
Of the dark dungeon underneath flew
 ope,
And grating closed upon God's mes-
 senger.

Day after day, day after day he sat
In that damp hold, shut in by mouldy
 walls
That robbed his eyes of sunlight. He
 who dwelt
Free as the antlered stag from boy-
 hood's hours
Amid the mountains, pleased by song
 of bird,
And the wild gambols of the swift
 gazelle ;

Who watched the sun ride 'mong his
 varying clouds,
And the calm moon with her sea-mir-
 rored face
Soar through her stars on dew-be-
 sprinkling wings,
Lay now imprisoned in a blighting
 tomb,
From every pleasant sight and sound
 confined.

And thrice the tyrant in his princely
 state
Seated beside Herodias, fair and sin-
 ful,
Brought forth the prophet to the sump-
 tuous halls
And asked, "Lo, sayest thou still I
 break the law ? "

But with unyielding soul the man of
God,

“The law forbids thee keep thy
brother’s wife.”

And the proud woman, with a brazen
frown,

Each time cried out in crimson rage,
“O King!

Wherefore this patience? Hast thou
not a slave

Can bear a sword? Go, strike the
traitor dead.”

But fear restrained the willing hand,
and still

Within the dungeon lay God’s mes-
senger.

Yet the adulterous queen, relenting
not,

Daily did urge the murderous deed,
 and he
Dreading the people, feared to strike
 the blow.

Now Herod on a summer day pro-
 claimed
A feast; and all his nobles at the
 word
Came to Machærus; and the tables
 groaned
With richest viands, and the mellow
 wine
Went round; and all the palace rang
 with sound
Of song and revelry; and when the
 lights
Illumed the gorgeous halls, and An-
 tipas

Sat drinking with the merry-making
throng
Came Salomé, his daughter, beautiful
With her black eyes, her tresses like
the night,
And rounded limbs, as ever maiden
seemed,
And danced before the King. A
nymph she looked
Born of a goddess in some Grecian
dell.
Loud rang the halls with praise, and
dashing down
His drainéd cup upon the marble
floor
The king up-rose exclaiming, "Noble
girl!
Ask what thou wilt—ere asked I
swear it thine."

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And she, more cruel-cold than beautiful,
ful,

Taught by her wicked dam, said,
“Give me here

Upon this platter the Baptizer’s head.”
And now the tyrant down the lighted
hall

Saw the fierce eyes of bold Herodias,
And sinking on his couch in guilty
shame

Gave trembling to his slaves the
bloody word.

Proud rose the queen, and loud her
cruel laugh

Greeted with scorn the gory sight.

“Fling o’er
The walls the boaster’s body! Let
the dogs

Feast till they gorge ! Ah, what avails
thee now

O preacher, all thy prophesy and
law ?”

Thus heartless cried the fierce adul-
teress,

And glancing at the prince with sneer-
ing lip

Took her bad daughter’s hand and
left the hall.

Mute and appalled the revellers be-
held

The accursed sight ; and rising to go
forth,

Lo ! in an instant all the lights were
gone,

And the black palace lay in deadly
gloom.

VII.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

THE sunset flame that burned o'er
Lebanon
Had faded out to ashes, and the moon
Broke from the forest-bearded hills,
and rose
A disembodied spirit in the sky.
And white the snow on Hermon's
lofty spurs
Sparkled against the stars; while down
his sides
The green, soft grasses, moistening in
the dew,
Gave welcome to the Saviour's weary
feet.

And pleased He looked upon the
peaceful slope;
For late through Tyre and Sidon, seek-
ing rest,
And through the land of the Deca-
polis
He journeyed; but no hour of rest he
found;
For everywhere the lame, the blind,
the weak,
In multitudes came following after
Him,
Begging for mercy; and He made
them whole.
Then passing o'er the silver wave at
night
He came in secret unto Magadan
To find a quiet time for prayer and
sleep.

But lo! with evil purpose dogging
him,

Eager to find him failing in dispute,
Chief priests and rabbis deep-read in
the law,

The smooth-tongued Pharisees with
tainted souls,

The haughty unbelieving Sadducees,
And the first men of Herod's worldly
crew,

Each bearing lasting hate of deadly
sort

Against the other, each one evermore
Watching the other with suspicions
dark,

Came out against Him now at Maga-
dan.

And all their mutual hatred and mis-
trust

Forgot, they joined in foul conspiracy
To hurt the Son of Man. His lowly
 mien,
His gentle life and kindly deeds, His
 words,
Calm-spoken, but burning from the
 soul, as man
Ne'er spoke, were to their chilling,
 earthly souls
But cause of grief and anger. And
 they came
Thronging to Him in mock humility,
And asked a sign whereby to know
 the Christ.
They who had seen in Him God's
 very hand,
They who beheld the lame rise up and
 walk,

The blind go forth in day-light bless-
ing God,
The deaf and speechless hear and
answer back,
And every demon fly His face in fear,
Nay, even the dead their cerements
cast away
And burst the conquered tomb—these
witnesses
Came now and asked a sign.
And Jesus rose
With burning ire and sorrow-burdened
soul,
And looking on the evil crowd ex-
claimed;—
“ O perverse brood ! O generation foul !
Ye who have heard the gospel with
the poor !

Why ask of Me a sign? ye know the
 heavens,
When that they promise rain or
 drouth or heat;
Ye know what mean the stars, the
 skies, the winds,
Yet hearing Me, and having seen
 My deeds,
Ye ask a sign. Ye shall receive the
 sign
Of Jonah: After three days from
 the depths
The Son of Man shall rise."

And going down
Unto the sea with woeful countenance
He took his chosen twelve and left the
 land.

That night they slept in Philip's
Tetrarchy,

Near Bethsaida, that late the servile
king

Rebuilding, named for Cæsar's fated
child.

But with the morning's earliest beam
they rose,

And having bathed in Jordan's cool-
ing stream

Northward along his banks they held
their way;

Past Merom's wave, where Joshua of
old

Routed the warlike Canaanites, and
broke

Their power; and past the tower of
Lebanon

That still looked toward Damascus,
till they came
Even to the cave where Jordan rose;
and now
At nightfall weary stood at Hermon's
foot.

And taking with him three—the Man
of Rock
And the two Sons of Thunder—Jesus
clomb
High up the mountain side, where the
sweet air
Cooled by the snows above, but odor-
winged,
Refreshing came and wooed their
throbbing brows.
And Jesus went a little way apart

And standing with bared head against
the sky,
Long time alone, with burning words,
that flowed
In deep-toned harmony upon the night
Where moon and stars stood listening,
he remained
Communing with the co-eternal Sire.

But they with weeping spirits stayed
behind,
And standing close together, prayed
aloud,
But prayed in doubt and fear. For
oft of late
He spake of evil days that soon
should fall;
He spake to them of deep disgrace, of
death,

Of suffering and of sorrow for man's
sake.

And though of vanquished death and
rising up

He also spake, they understood Him
not.

And oft with sighs from grave heart-
questionings,

Up-welling, with sad whisperings
mingled, each

Sought from another what the words
might mean.

The words so plain that Jesus spake to
them,

So woeful to their souls, were dark
indeed.

Now wearied with the long day's
journeying,

And heavy-eyed, they wrapped their
 abbas round them,
And on the pleasant greensward
 lying down,
Though pressed with care, soon slept
 beneath the moon.

How long they slept they knew not ;
 but their ears
Were pleased in sleep with sounds of
 holy joy,
Of hymning voices and of harpings
 sweet
That in full diapason o'er them
 swelled,
Flooding the world with holy peace
 and love.
Then soothing radiance on their eye-
 lids falling

Roused them from slumber. Lo ! on
every side

What blessed vision meets their wak-
ing sight !

What rays of heavenly splendor fall
around !

Above them in the air the Christ
appears

In raiment whiter than Mount Her-
mon's snows ;

The light that from His flaming fea-
tures shines

Is brighter than the sun, but dazzles
not,

So pleasantly it falls. Upon His
right

The Giver of the Law is seen, who
sleeps

By angels buried in a vale of Moab;
Upon His left, the sacred Seer whom
 God,
In burning chariot drawn of fiery
 steeds,
'Mid whirling tempest, rapt to Para-
 adise.
And with the living glory over-
 thrown,
The Sons of Thunder and the Man of
 Rock
Fell down upon their faces to the
 ground,
In silent adoration and in fear.
And while they prostrate bowed amid
 the glory,
Lo! the eternal visitants were heard
In thrilling voices speaking with the
 Christ ;

Speaking of the departure, of the
doom,
The death, disgrace, and glorious vic-
tory
To be accomplished at Jerusalem.

Then Peter in a trance of joy upris-
ing,
Looking with mortal eyes upon the
Light,
Cried out;—" 'Tis good for us, O
Lord, to be
Here in Thy presence! Let this joy
remain!
Let us live ever in the mountain
here;
And we shall raise three tabernacles,
Lord,

To Thee one, unto Moses one, and one
Unto Elias." Then a cloud of flame
Golden and mild as morning's waking
beam,

Down from the zenith, hovered o'er
the Christ,

And from its bosom spake the living
God,

In tones that shook the world, pro-
claiming Him

The Son beloved pleasing to the Sire.

Longtime the voice resounded through
the skies ;

And they long time in fear upon the
earth,

In holy love and fear upon the earth,
With faces down in silent adoration

Remained. At length, touched by a
gentle hand,

They raised their eyes, and lo! the
meek-browed Christ

With kindly gaze alone before them
stood:—

“Arise, be not afraid.” Their trem-
bling limbs

Were strengthened by the sound of
His dear voice,

And fearless they arose. Then Jesus
said—

“Tell not the vision till the Son of
Man,

Being crucified, is risen from the
dead.”

And with unhidden joy they followed
Him,

While the sweet light that now lived
in their souls
Aroused them unto prayer and holy
song;
And as they journeyed down the
grassy slope
The stars of morning faded from the
sky,
And waking birds rejoiced in every
tree.

VIII.

THE RESURRECTION.

WITH tearful eyes and sorrow-bur-
dened soul,
At morning's earliest beam, the
Magdalene,
Whom love had saved from crimson
sin and shame,
Hastened with spices to the Saviour's
tomb.
The linnet, roused by the sweet breath
of morn,
Twittered among the olives, and the
lark
Rose from the meadow, fragrant of
the Spring,

And sang against the skies. But
 Mary's heart,
Filled with the thought of Jesus
 crucified,
Swelled as if bursting by the force of
 woe,
And joyed not in the sweetness of the
 hour;
Nay, rather, the glad bird-songs pained
 her ear,
And the mild air but stirred to deeper
 grief
The throbbing of her bosom. But
 her feet
Were winged with love; and soon
 beside the tomb
She stood; and lo! the great stone
 from its face

Was rolled away ; and looking in she
saw
The linen cerements folded on the
floor ;
But nowhere found the Saviour whom
she sought.

For when the agony upon the cross
Was over, and the soul of fallen man
From death and pain, by pain and
death redeemed,
The mourning followers laid the
Sacred Corse,
In grave-clothes bandaged, in the
lonely tomb,
And went away in tears. Their eyes
were still
Blind to the light that round about
them shone ;

And so with aching hearts that sank
 in doubt,
And bitter tears, they gave Him to
 the grave.

But Christ went down among the
 blessed shades
To raise them up in joy. They hurry-
 ing came,
And like the bending of high forest
 tops
In the wild breathing of the hurricane,
Bowed down before Him, singing
 hymns of praise.
The songs in ringing unison arose
In tones that through the dusky dales,
 and groves
Tenebrious, swelled like sounding
 floods among

Measureless caverns down steep mountain-sides.

The builders of the ancient world, the men

Who wrought for justice 'gainst the giant sons

Of Cain's ignoble city, and the tribes
Who loved the Father, and whose souls the hope

Of man's redemption in the Son made strong,

Came now with spiritual canticles of joy

In voices that for ages had been sealed,

And hailed the conqueror of Death and Sin.

First, with wide-floating beard and
waving locks

That fell like snow, the father of the
race,

With many thousands thronging
round him came,

And bowing down before the Victor
cried :—

“ All hail, O Saviour ! Hail Thou
promised Seed

That hath the serpent crushed ! This
joyful day

Shall greater blessings bring upon
mankind

Than e'er my evil deed did evils bring.

Far above praise Thy name, whose
presence here

Hath raised these wandering souls to
speechless joy ! ”

And they that followed stooping sang,
"All hail!"

Next he who saved the remnant of
the world

From watery death, and out of Ararat
Planted anew the vineyard of the
Lord,

With tens of thousands following after
him,

Came kneeling to the Son, and sang
aloud:—

"Hail King of Souls! Thou Saviour
of mankind!

Long time among these shadows have
we walked

Waiting Thy presence; watching for
the light.

To thrill this darkness into rainbow
hues.

O happy earth, from whose fair face
is cleansed

The stains of soiling sin by blood di-
vine!

Then sing, ye joyful spirits, sing
aloud,

And bless the Saviour with unceasing
song!"

And, through the groves a mighty
sound of praise

Swelled in loud thunder from the
multitudes.

Now Abraham, surrounded by the host
Of Israelites that in the desert died,
And they that sank in bondage, and
the men

That bled in battle for the Promised
Land

With Joshua of old—upon his right,
He who from Sinai's thunders brought
the law,

And on his left the priest whose body
sleeps

On Edom's two-fold mountain—bow-
ing low,

Came with glad greetings to the Lamb,
and sang:—

“O wondrous Sacrifice! O perfect
Priest

How through the ages shall Thy
sacred name

Resound, and make each knee bend
low in love!

But how shall man in his small span
of life

Repay in love Thy bounteous love
for man,
That gave Thyself to death his life to
save?

O ye, whose life such infinite love
redeems,
Sing out in seemly words your
thanksgiving!"

And lo! from out the countless host
arose

Such sounds of spiritual jubilee and
love

As made the ambient ether swell
with music.

Then came the Shepherd-King, and
with him walked

The Seer who sat at Rama when the
Lord

Bade him go down to Bethlehem to
find

A ruler for the people. Round them
surged

Innumerable multitudes who bowed
Before the sovereign Son of the Most
High

While Israel's royal minstrel sweetly
sang ;—

“Long time, O Holy One, with voices
mute,

Amid this amber gloom we walked
in tears,

Waiting this Sabbath of the Passover.
Now raise the note of praise to God
our King! —

O sing to Him, ye shades, with
loosened tongue ;

Sing out to Him whose mercy hath
no bounds!

Praise God our King, whose sacrific-
ing love

Hath vanquished cruel death, and
broke the chains

That held his little ones in voiceless
gloom."

And from the gathering throng the
deep refrain

Rang out in joyous tones, "Praise
God, our King!"

And last of all came the bold Naz-
arite

Whose thrilling words along the Jor-
dan's shore

Proclaimed the coming of the Son of
Man.

Around him played the thousand
innocent babes

Whom the foul Edomite, in ghastly
fear,

Slew with the sword to strike the In-
fant King.

And in glad voice he greeted thus
his Lord:—

“Hail, Holy Sacrifice! Hail, Lamb
of God,

Who takest from the world its
weight of sin!

Oh, who among the ransomed hosts
can sing

In seemly words Thy praise? Hail,
Lamb of God!”

And Jesus, standing 'mid the beaute-
ous babes,

In joy embraced the Baptist as he
spake;

And lifting up his voice exclaimed:—

“Ye souls

No longer sorrowful, behold the day
When brooding darkness flieth from
the light,

And sin shall hold my little ones no
more!”

And as he ceased the infant voices
sang

In answering hymns, hosannas to the
King.

So Jesus walked among the blessed
Shades

Until the sun of the third morn began
To throw his shafts against the east-
ern sky,

Where the pale day-star fainted.
Then He hied
Unto the tomb where, in its cere-
ments, lay
The Sacred Corse; and myriad angels
came,
Waiting his high command. They
rolled away
With thunderbolts, the great stone
from the grave;
And they that stood as sentinels to
guard
The sepulchre, beheld the wondrous
sight,
And struck with blinding terror nigh
to death,
In breathless haste fled headlong from
the place.

And the Messiah, entering again
The tenement of clay, did raise it up,
And turning from the vanquished
tomb came forth
True God! true Man! and walked
upon the earth.

Then loud the messengers of Heaven
outsang:—

“Hosanna to the King! Hosanna,
Lord!

Hosanna, Son of God and Son of Man!
Lord of the earth and Ruler of the
skies!

Thrice blessed is he that cometh in
Thy name!

So when the Magdalene came to the
tomb

She saw the stone rolled from its face
away
And nought within save, folded on the
floor,
The linen grave-clothes; and she
weeping cried,
“Ah! who hath done this deed?
Ah, who hath come
And taken hence my Lord, the Holy
One?”

And wild with grief she fled away to
where
The sad disciples sat, and told the tale
How that the Lord was taken from
the tomb.
Then back she came, while yet the
day was new,

Seeking the Saviour in the lonesome
place

But nowhere found Him. And while
weeping there,

With face bowed down upon the
grassy turf,

Out of the sepulchre a mellow voice
Said softly, "Woman, wherefore weep-
est thou?"

"Alas!" she cried, "my Lord is
taken hence;

I know not where they laid Him."
And behold!

As she looked up, two Angels like the
sun

In dazzling robes stood in the sepul-
chre,

Saying, "Lo! Jesus liveth, who was
dead."

She understood not then the Angels'
words;

And tearful turned away, and bowed
again

In grief among the flowers. But near
her stood

One, saying, "Woman, wherefore
weepest thou?"

"Alas!" she sighed, "where hast
thou laid my Lord?"

Her face still bowed in grief among
the flowers.

Then in a tone of soothing gentle-
ness

The risen Saviour spake her name.
She knew

The voice; and rising up in ecstasy,
“Rabboni! O, my Master!” she ex-
claimed,

Her wordless sorrow turned to rap-
turous joy,

And falling at His sacred feet adored.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

SAVED.

SHE sat in her room at midnight
 'Mid the window draperies gay,
And she saw where the lights of the
 city
 Made shadows along the way ;
And in through the darkened window
 A shadow fell on the floor
Where her rustling robes were lying
 Which she wore but an hour be-
 fore.

For sunken in soul and weary
 Of her false life's hollow tone
She had left sin's gilded palace,
 And sat in her room alone.

And she gazed on the moving shadow,
Which seemed like a ghost in
crime,
And her mind was filled with musings
And thoughts of a former time.

Again she ran in the meadows
Among sweet flowers at play ;
And she heard the voice of the wood-
thrush
As he sang to the dying day ;
She lived her school-life over
And was pleased with the blissful
years ;
But again she saw the destroyer,
And wept with a flood of tears.

O, beautiful tears of repentance !

How they lift the clouds from the
soul,
And bathe the sin-wounded bosom
With balm that maketh it whole!
“Dear God!” she cried through her
weeping
“I have wandered far from Thy
love—
Oh, take from the terrible tempest
Thy meek returning dove!”

She rose in her room at midnight,
And spurning the rustling gown,
She donned her simplest raiment
And fled from the pitiless town.
Oh! now in her home so peaceful,
Untroubled by sordid strife,
She worketh the will of the Father,
And his saving love is her life.

BORN.

THERE was mirth in the lowly dwell-
ing,

Though the walls were poor and
bare;

For the Angel of Love came down
from above

And left a new life there.

And the narrow rooms resounded

With laughter and with joy;

The mother smiled on the sweet
young child,

And the father blessed his boy.

But round the home on the hill-side

Hung heavy gloom that day;

For the Angel of Love came down
from above

And took one life away.
And the weeping sire was silent,
His heart-strings rent in twain;
And the mother's tears, 'mid doubts
and fears,
Fell like the summer rain.

Yet the world was rich in beauty,
The world in life was strong;
The orchard trees were full of bees,
And birds were loud with song;
For one was born an angel,
And one was born a man;
And the boundless love still flowed
from above
As when the world began.

O ARAWANE!

O ARAWANE! loved Arawane!

My soul returns to thee;

Beside thy silvery stream again

I wander light and free.

I seem again as young and gay

As in those happy hours,

When, listening to the robin's lay,

I lingered 'neath thy bowers;

When by the side of her whom still

In sorrowing dreams I see,

I listened with a rapturous thrill

To the songs she sang to me;

I listened to her tender themes

In beaming smiles or tears—

Even now her gentle accent seems

Deep-ringing in mine ears.

O Arawane! sweet Arawane!

Upon thy flowery bray

Beside a lonely grave I fain

Would breathe my soul away!

For many, many a happy dream

Is turned to dreary pain;

Still dear to me thy silvery stream

Sweet, purling Arawane!

DOWN ALONG THE STREAM.

Down along the stream we glide,
Drifting with the dimpled tide,
O'er the waters sweetly dyed

With the day's last beam ;
From the chains of labor freed
Float we by the scented mead,
Where the mirrored rush and reed
Fringe the silver stream.

As we move along the shore
Drops are falling from the oar,
Making circles evermore

Widening in the wave.
Oh, our pleasures, may they be
Like the circles which we see,
Widening thus to you and me
Till we pass the grave !

Slowly onward still we go,
Where the trees their shadows throw,
Trees above and trees below,
 Doubled in the tide.

Such a glass our lives shall be,
Doubling all that's sweet to see,
All that's good, and fair, and free,
 While through life we glide.

And when Eve her bells will ring,
Only purple clouds she'll bring,
Time shall have no bitter sting
 For a life like ours ;

And along our tinted way
We shall glide with spirits gay,
'Neath the sweet and softening ray
 Unto happier bowers.

TIME SOARS ON TIRELESS PIN- IONS.

TIME soars on tireless pinions
And bears the years away ;
Silent and slow we feel them go
In beautiful array.

The Spring with fragrant blossoms,
With verdure soft and rare,
In mirth and song the days prolong,
And sweetness fills the air.

Then comes the gorgeous Summer
With vigor-giving sun,
With light and love drawn from
above
Bearing the season on.

Next falls in full fruition
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The year's autumnal prime,
Crowning with gold and wealth untold
The labor of the time.

And last the stainless Winter,
In robes of virgin white,
Brings to the breast the needful rest,
The blessings of the night.

And what, if cloud or tempest
For a brief time may come?
The sky's more fair, more sweet the
air
After the passing gloom.

For there's no lasting sorrow,
Despair, or sad decay
To him that lives where Beauty gives
The brightness of her day.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

FROM the gloom of the slumbering
city

At midnight I hurried away,
For my bosom was burdened with
pity

Of woes I had witnessed all day;
O, the want and the woe of the city!
The vulture of wealth and his
prey,

Roused ire in my bosom and pity,
And swiftly I hurried away.

And I came to the glen where the
roses

Sleep sweet in the moon's dewy
light,

Where the verdurous clover reposes,

And whippoorwill whistles all
night;

Where the river runs under the roses,

And sweet-brier perfumes delight;

And I flung myself down with the
roses,

To the moon and the breeze and
the night.

And the moon and the night and the
breezes

Came soothingly over my soul;

And soon all the sorrow that freezes

The current that flows in life's bowl,

The sorrow so frigid that freezes,

Flew out like a blast to the pole,

And the moon and the stars and the
breezes

Waked wonderful joy in my soul.

And I thought of life's beauty and
pleasure,

The roses that cover the thorn ;

O, I thought of sweet Love's holy
treasure

That smiles the world's glory to
scorn ;

Of the sweetness of Love's holy
treasure

That cometh on angel-wings borne ;
And with soul full of rapture and
pleasure,

I rose and—behold, it was morn.

TWO VALLEYS.

I CAME through the Valley of Sor-
row—

No light but a faint ray of hope,
And my soul through that Valley of
Sorrow

Walked dismally down the slope.
'Twas night in the Valley of Sorrow,
No star in th' ethereal cope—
I had surely despaired of the mor-
row

But for that faint vision of hope.

And the River of Life rushed down-
ward

With ominous murmuring sound—
I could hear the dark river roll on-
ward

With noises deep down under-
ground;
And ever its waters went downward,
And the echoes that answered
around,
Were as wild and as weird, rushing
onward,
As the noises deep down under-
ground.

And my spirit was startled and
weary,
And fain from the place I would
fly;
And the night was so dismal and
dreary,
And the pall was so black in the
sky,

And the echoing noises so dreary
Of the mad river hurrying by,
That my spirit was lonely and weary,
And fain from the place I would
fly.

Still onward I groped toward the
glimmer
Alone on my dangerous way;
Then methought e'en that faint ray
grew dimmer,
And I eagerly longed for the day;
And my eye ever strained to the
glimmer,
So loudly my worn soul did pray,
That the noises were hushed, and the
glimmer
Grew broad in the dawning of day.

Then the radiance, all purple and
golden,

Came down from the fair moun-
tain's slope

To a beautiful valley enfolden

In lustre and glory and hope ;

From the dark valley into the golden

I had passed, and the luminous
cope

A beautiful world had unfolden

In the fulness of joy and of hope.

IN GOD WE TRUST.

O, WHERE shall we look for comfort,
Sweet Lord where place our trust,
As we drearily moil in thankless
toil,

With our faces down in the dust ?
These hovels that line the alley
In tottering, bleak decay,
Are swarming with lives—O honey-
less hives !—

Of the workers of to-day.

But yonder stands a mansion,
With gleam of shining gold,
With airy halls and pictured walls
And store of wealth untold.
And the haughty, scornful tenant
Ever meets us with a frown ;

For unsated still he works his will
And grinds our faces down.

But what have we done, O Saviour!
To merit this fatal doom?
Is this our pay for the sweating day
At the anvil, spade, and loom?
Or look we still for the evil
That binds us into the dust,
While the idler drives o'er our wearied
lives!
Ah! where shall we place our
trust?

Dear Lord, Thy hand is mighty,
Dear God, Thy will is sure;
Thou still wilt keep Thy starving
sheep;

Thou still wilt save the poor!
Even now the morn is breaking;
Her radiant beams we see;
The sweet reward Thou wilt bring, O
Lord;
We rest our faith in Thee.

WILT THOU NOT ANSWER?

WILT thou not answer to my constant
calling

O sweet one, whom my soul's eyes
long to see,

Watching from when the early dews
are falling,

Until the dawn wakes birds in every
tree,

And through the toilsome, weary-
dragging day,

While rides the red sun on his fervid
way?

Methinks at times I see thee beckon
to me,

Fleeting before me on thy path of
air ;

And oft in blissful dreams thy sweet
eyes woo me ;

But waking thoughts bring back a
world of care,

Whence thou, with all the ethereal
perfumes shed

From thy ambrosial, breezy robes art
fled.

Speak to my soul ! her longing never
ceases,

But still impatient grows to hear
thy voice ;

Speak to my soul ! and like the sum-
mer breezes

That come from skies of eve, bid
her rejoice ;

Speak to my soul! her dearest hopes
 on thee
Of blessed living rest, sweet Poesy!

Wilt thou not answer, and my soul is
 calling,
 Ever with burning longings calling
 thee?
Waiting from when the early dews
 are falling
 Until the song-birds wake in every
 tree;
Waiting and listening, with impatient
 ear,
Thy voice, my heart's loved har-
 mony to hear.

TO THE BOBOLINK.

SWEET bird I greet thee! O, that
merry lay

I've longed these many moons to
hear again;

And since the bluet oped I've come
each day

Out to these meads and listened for
thy strain.

Who taught thee how in poesy divine
To utter forth thy soul? What
boundless joy

Impels that ringing, thrilling note of
thine?

What pleasures findest thou that
never cloy?

What airy spirit in the apple tree
Among the tinted blooms incites
thy lay?
And makes thee, singing, soar in
tremulous glee,
As thou wert trilling thy dear heart
away?

Oh, could I sing, sweet bird, oh, could
I sing
In words as true, in music rich as
thine,
So would I make the listening planet
ring,
And force dull Care to cease his
needless whine.

Thy toil to thee is happiness supreme,

Thy sweetest songs amid thy labor
sound;

I listen to the singing and I seem
To stand with angels upon holy
ground.

But day leaves day; and soon thy
friends, the flowers,

Will lie in the moist grave; then
wilt thou wing

Thy hurrying flight away to warmer
bowers,

And I shall come in vain to hear
thee sing.

But wilt thou carry to the distant
clime,

To soothe man's soul, thy mission-
ary strain?

Or yield, alas! unto an evil time,
And sink to vulgar revelry and
pain?

Oh, sing, sing on! that note should
never die!

Within my brain the living sound
shall dwell!

Born to the beautiful of earth and
sky,

Still to the rude world of all beauty
tell.

THE VISION.

I KNOW not whether I slept and the
 vision came to me sleeping,
Or whether my soul while awake
 did wing her aerial flight
Away to the fields of bliss, where the
 angels have in their keeping
The heavenly flowers that shine like
 stars in the Valley of Light.

I but know that the beautiful things
 I saw in that glorious vision,
And the wonderful songs I heard
 forever shall dwell in my soul;
For an Angel of light came down all
 robed in raiment elysian,
And beckoning led me away
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through the realms where the
planets roll.

And I passed through a gloomy *tarn*
that was haunted with noises
unholy,

And came to a billowless sea all
silvery, silent, and sad ;

And down in the purple west like the
star of eve moved slowly

A Cross of luminous gold 'whose
radiance made me glad.

And I saw in the lurid glare weird be-
ings glide o'er the ocean,

All hastening toward the place
where the Golden Cross de-
clined ;

And some with uplifted eyes were

swift as if winged in their motion ;

But many went down in the wave
and left not a ripple behind.

And eagerly toward the place I ran
where the Light was burning,
And over the motionless sea full
swiftly I sped away ;

And the tide never bent to my feet
and my soul never thought of
returning,

And soon I was standing among the
glorious Gardens of Day.

And mountains and valleys and hills
all bright in those regions su-
pernal

As far as the eye could see stretched
wondrously green and fair,
And the happy beings I saw rejoiced
in joys eternal,
Their radiant brows so smooth
showing never a line of care.

And the sweet melodious songs, and
the thrilling music resounding
Adown the odorous vales were ever
of praise and love ;
And over the hills I saw a wonderful
host surrounding
The Golden Light that hung in the
amber air above.

And I saw the dear ones gone, their
beautiful voices ringing

In musical tones among that numberless
praising throng !

And oh, if I could but sing the song
that I heard them singing !

The melody clings to my soul, but
man cannot utter the song !

TO THE WOOD-THRUSH.

BIRD of the fading day, thy liquid
melody gliding

Into my heart, awakes the spirit
of childhood hours!

Was it from Angel choirs, down
roseate vistas sliding,

Came that sweet song to thee, that
seemeth the breath of flowers?

Hast thou beheld afar in the amber
welkin yonder

Form of ethereal beauty harping
on flaming lyre,

While through the noiseless air some
straying tones of wonder

Fell on thy listening ear and set
thy soul on fire?

(188)

Here by the bubbling spring on couch
of blossoming clover

Leaning, I drink the words of thy
loud and lulling lay;

Ringling the grove repeats the music
over and over,

Drunk with the soothing sound, the
requiem of the day.

Oh, how my bosom swells with mem-
ories sweetly waking,

While to the sunken sun thou tell-
est thy sad farewell!

Then from my soul all clouds of
passion and sorrow breaking,

Nought but the blue remains—
with beauty and peace I dwell.

Where hast thou been these months?
What odorous trees delightful
Welcomed thy heavenly tongue,
and tempted so long thy stay?
Ah! how the chilling frost, that
cruel spirit and spiteful,
Out of thy favorite forest banished
thee far away.

Yea! and again when the red leaves
answer the breezes in sorrow
So must thou fly, sweet bird, some
happier grove to rejoice;
But I have heard thee sing! no
trouble that earth may borrow
Can from my memory drive the
melody of thy voice.

COURAGE.

I HAD passed through the night's
gloomy portal

And stood on the mountain's cold
brow,

While the sun, like a radiant immortal,
tal,

Rose out of the ocean below—

From the boisterous ocean below,

Where the currents resistlessly
flow—

And the sun, like a glorious immortal,

Illumed all the world with his
glow.

And with wings to the winds of the
ocean

White ships sped away with the
gale,
And they baffled the billows' commo-
tion,
And bowed with their burden of
sail,
Oh, they bowed as with hearts that
would quail,
That would flinch to the fury and
fail—
But they fought through the billows'
commotion,
And gallantly sped with the gale.

And the surges high over them dash-
ing
Had scourged the sea-green into
gray ;

But the hulls in the merciless lashing
Rode proudly along on their way;
Rode along on their dangerous way,
And with canvas all reefed for the
fray,
Came safe through the merciless lash-
ing,
And entered the harboring bay.

And I, with dark sorrow nigh broken,
Gazed long on the beautiful sight;
And I blessed the dear Lord for the
token,
And soon my sad spirit grew light;
Oh, the woes of my bosom grew
light,
And the shadows that live in the
night

Fled away from my soul with the
token,
And I stood blessing God in his
might.

SUMMER RAIN.

Lo! the rain cometh, and the grass
looks up
Glad in the freshening drops; a
richer green
Glow on the hillsides and the
meads between,
Where nod the daisy and the butter-
cup;
The trees, where breezes murmured
all night long,
Smile to the showers, and utter a
sweet song.

And down the valley how the rivulet
runs!
Drinking the fragrant waters on the
way,

Glancing among the sedges as in
 play,
And purling ever to the answering
 stones
That rattle in the channel, a sweet
 tune
Born of soft skies and groves and
 flowery June.

The husbandman from out his trel-
 lises
Looks o'er his lands and sees the
 growing grain
Thrive in the showers, and thank-
 ful for the rain
That giveth rich increase, sits at his
 ease,

And hears the merry sounds around
him ringing
Of water-drops and brooks and sweet
birds singing.

O, beautiful and balmy Summer Rain,
How soothing to the thirsting earth
thou art !

Like answered prayer that riseth
from the heart
And full of blessings cometh back
again ;
So from the troubled sea, uprising
thou
Fall'st with rich blessings on the
world below.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CHILD.

THE soft and healing hand of May
Was laid upon the earth,
And flowerets fair and grasses gay
Upsprung in smiling birth ;
The sweet-brier scented all the lea,
Green moss was on the brays,
And birds in every budding tree
Were loud with joyful lays.

And where the silvery streamlet runs
Adown the wooded dell,
I loitered with my little ones
As evening twilight fell.
And while they plucked in laughing
glee
The blue and golden flowers,
A gentle spirit came to me—
The soul of childhood hours.

And looking on that spirit face
My eyes grew dim with tears;
For soon I saw in little space
Life's toils and cares and fears,
And all the joy and all the woe
I felt since boyhood days;
Until methought a saddened glow
Came o'er the angel-face.

I turned in melancholy mood
With cruel thoughts oppressed—
But sweet the stream hummed down
the wood,
The moon was in the west,
Loud sang the robin overhead,
The children ran in play—
The child-soul lives, I calmly said,
And dashed the tears away.

TO THE ROBIN.

SWEET minstrel of the orchard, now
thy lay

Wakes with its ringing tones the
drowsy morn;

The sun up-rising drives the shades
away

And drinks thy voice upon the
west-wind borne.

Glad in the morning dew's thy fervid
breast

Thou bathest, rejoicing still in gur-
gling song;

And when the day is dying in the
west

Thy sad farewell is heard the lawns
along.

And from the shadows of the bloom-
ing trees

In varying mood all day thou
swayest my soul;

Now rapturous trills, and now calm
cadences,

Thou hast a tone each passion to
control.

If sorrow, born of memory, over-
power

My mind, I hear thy music and re-
joice;

If vain ambition fret, or anger sour,

Then to my soul how soothing is
thy voice!

The world were sad without thee! O
my friend,
Sing still your love so sweet, your
joy so calm ;
To every care thy warbling gives an
end,
To every wound of woe 'tis healing
balm.

LORD, LEAD US ON.

LORD, lead us on! our weary hearts
are failing,

Toilsome the way and dreary is the
night,

O'er the dark waste the lonesome
winds are wailing ;

Show to our eyes the beauty of Thy
Light.

Keep Thou our steps until the night
is gone,

Without Thy aid we fall; Lord, lead
us on!

Lord, lead us on! Lord, lead us on!
Through the dark way of earth

Lord, lead us on!

Lord, lead us on! though weak and
pressed with sorrow,

We shall not faint if but we feel
Thy arm;
Through the bleak night unto a smiling
morrow
Keep Thou our souls from danger
and from harm.
Lord, through the gloom we seek the
glorious dawn;
Oh, leave us not alone! Lord, lead us
on!
Lord, lead us on! Lord, lead us on!
O'er the dark paths of earth
Lord, lead us on!

THE NEW YEAR.

THE New Year blithely comes to-
night

In golden gown and mantle white—

Sing, happy world, from pole to
pole!

For lo! he bringeth love and light

And joy to many a weary soul.

I walk abroad beneath the sky

And hear his footfalls drawing nigh;

With stately tread they sound
afar;

The Old departs with heaving sigh

And moaning heard by moon and
star.

Nought recks the youth of sigh or
moan,

He comes to claim the vacant throne,
And snatch the world from grief
and gloom,
His loins enrobed with purple zone,
His brows with wreaths of apple-
bloom.

With fragrance of sweet promises
Like incense floating on the breeze,
He stalks across the crusted snow;
And from his face with trembling
knees
The Old Year hastens, bowed in
woe.

Ah! once he, too, in happy state
And triumph through the orient gate
Came bearing joy and love and
light;

Now crushed beneath a weary weight
Of broken hopes he dies to-night.

Yet dear he is to me, although
So much of failure and of woe
Were mingled with the joys he
brought;
He ruled as best he knew, I trow—
I leave him with a loving thought.

And thou, young Prince, whose glittering gown
Is rustling on the breezy down,
We rest our dearest hopes in thee;
O, wear in perfect faith thy crown!
O, be the king thou seem'st to be!
So when the blooms from off thy
brow

Shall fall, and, like this old man,
 thou
 Goest forth into the realms of
 gloom,
A loving world will prayerful bow
 And watch and weep beside thy
 tomb.

GETHSEMANE.

YE tired world-workers, rise! and for
a space

Watch with the Master in this lonely
place,

This bleak and sorrowful Geth-
semane;

For lo! the darkness deepens, and the
light

Of every star is banished from the
night,

And through the trees the wind
moans wearily.

Ah! louder than the wind, a mournful
moan,

A sound of woe and want, an awful
groan

Up-welleth from the world so
drearily!

Oh, hush, poor world, that sound of
wild despair!

The night is dark indeed, but sweetly
prayer

Wakes from the heart of sad Geth-
semane.

And sleep not now, though weary
nigh to death;

For see the Master how He suffereth!

Yet near at hand His hour of
strength must be,

And see ye not the Angels with the
cup?

Oh, sleep not—lift your fainting
spirits up!

See, love and hope rise from Geth-
semane.

MAY SONG.

ONCE more from sleep awaking
Sweet Nature smiles serene,
And decks each hill and valley
In robes of richest green.
Along the singing streamlet
The modest violet blows;
But nevermore my lost one
Shall linger where it grows.

Adown the blooming meadow
I come as oft before;
But by my side my loved one
Comes never—never more.
Yet deep within my bosom
Her sweet voice speaks to me;
And in each smile of Nature
Her loving face I see.

TO A THRUSH.

O, SWEET-TONGUED warbler, how thy
early lay

Thrills on my heart, with mournful
watching weary,

As o'er the fields I hasten ere the
day

Lights with red rays the lonely
eagle's eirie;

While the black shade that lingers in
the wood

Trembles and pales before the crim-
son flood.

With feet bedewed in meadow-grasses
sweet

Where budding flowers and balmy
herbs are breathing

I pause and hear thee with rich music
greet

The purple clouds that round the
dawn are wreathing ;

And while thy song is rising on the
morn,

I ask my soul whereof such joy is
born ?

Say canst thou hear along the silver
dawn

The circling stars their dewy ma-
tins singing ?

Or from thy vision is the veil with-
drawn

That hides the Angels, burning
censers swinging ?

That so thou singest with such heav-
enly fire

As fills the soul with sacred, pure
desire.

Thy voice knows nought of sorrow;
thy dear mate

Hears with rapt ear, her callow nest-
lings keeping;

Ah! song of mine shall soothe nor
soon nor late

My soul's lost love that in the
grave lies sleeping.

Entranced I hear thee; but thy glad
refrain

Thrills my torn heart with sweeter,
sharper pain.

THE WEEPING-WILLOW TREE.

THE place I loved so dearly is sweet
to me no more,
The river in the valley and the willow
on its shore ;
The spot is lovely still, but the heart,
so true to me,
Sleeps in the grave 'neath the weep-
ing-willow tree.

Here oft we walked together when
the evening air was still,
And listened in the meadows to hear
the whippoorwill ;
But now I come alone and the sounds
are sad to me,
Sad, for my love lies beneath the wil-
low tree.

At morning when the robin sang wel-
come to the dawn
I loitered with my darling along the
dewy lawn ;
Oh, now I go alone, and the bird still
sings to me,
Sings of my love 'neath the weeping-
willow tree.

Oh, sometimes when the twilight is
falling cool and gray,
I hear my lost one singing, singing
sweetly far away ;
But soon the noisy world steals the
sweet sounds from me,
And leaves me to grieve 'neath the
weeping-willow tree.

WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

WHEN the sun goes down and the
cows are coming home,
And the robin whistles in the tree,
In the rosy light to the meadow-lands
I come,
And the thronging thoughts are
sweet to me.
Oh, my youth is fled, and my weary
step is slow,
And my locks are silver, once so
brown,
But I live once more in the pleasant
long ago,
In the meadow when the sun goes
down.

O, the brook runs by as it ran in days
of old,

When I plucked sweet flowers on
its shore,

And the flowers still smile in their
purple hues and gold ;

But the friends I loved are here no
more.

Oh, my youth is fled, and my weary
step is slow,

And my locks are silver, once so
brown ;

But I walk once more with the friends
of long ago,

In the meadow when the sun goes
down.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

SLEEP, baby, sleep ! the sighing winds
are dreary,

Father is far upon the rolling sea ;
Sleep, baby, sleep ! tho' lonesome,
now, and weary,

Mother will sing in merry voice to
thee ;

Father's frail bark is tossed upon the
deep,

Far from his darling one ; sleep, baby,
sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep ! Sleep, baby,
sleep !

Mother will keep thee safe ;

Sleep, baby, sleep !

Sleep, baby, sleep! what knowest
thou of sorrow?

Why should a tear-drop dim thy
radiant eye?

Soon, ah, too soon with manhood
comes the morrow

With its gray mist to mar thy beau-
teous sky!

While in her breast thy mother still
can keep

Thee from all dangers safe, sleep,
baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! Sleep, baby,
sleep!

Mother will keep thee safe,

Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! tho' dashed upon
the billow,

Father's frail bark is struggling to
the shore,
Mother shall calmly smooth thy rest-
less pillow ;
Thou in sweet dreams shalt smile
and weep no more ;
While wooed by dreams, oh ! let thy
mother weep,
Sorrow must have its will, sleep, baby,
sleep !
Sleep, baby, sleep ! Sleep, baby,
sleep !
Sorrow must have its will,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

AMBROSE, THE HERMIT.

AMBROSE the hermit, at his midday
meal

Of simple herbs and water from the
brook,

Sat in the twilight of his mountain
cave

A summer day. The streamlet rush-
ing down

The rocky bed, in foamy whiteness,
sang

Its melody of restlessness and change;
And on a spray before the cave a
thrush

Warbled in peaceful joy. The place
was sweet

With all the sounds and odors of the
wood.

Here, moist beneath the shade, brown
leaves were strewn,
And there, where thro' the glade the
sunlight fell,
Blossomed blue flowers and golden,
and the bees
Hummed in their bosoms, toiling all
the day.

From early manhood here the her-
mit dwelt,
In prayer and meditation; for he
saw,
Grieving, the wrongs and sufferings
of the world;
The strife and the deceit that racked
men's hearts,
And drove them wandering from the
face of God;

The misery, the poverty, the crime,
That hurried others to despair, and
forced
Them from the way of truth. "Alas,"
he cried,
"If erring man would only pause and
hear
The angelic voice of justice, how the
world
Would ring from end to end with
holy joy!"

But from young manhood no one came
to him ;
And though he often left his moun-
tain cave
And walked among the fields and
thro' the town

Calling on men to love as brothers
should,
The poor in their wild struggle, heard
him not,
While wealthy idlers laughed his
words to scorn
With ribald jest. So want and hun-
ger still
Oppressed the one, and one in gilded
halls
Drank the red wine and slept in beds
of down.
So Ambrose sat at mid-day in his
cave,
And heard the streamlet rushing, and
the bird
Singing among the branches; and his
mind

Dwelt on the wrongs and sufferings
of the poor,

Till tears came to his eyes; and with
sad voice

He prayed to Heaven for power to
ease their woe.

And whilst he prayed came to the
cave a boy,

Beautiful with blue eyes, and yellow
hair,

And cheeks as pink as roses; and he
called,

"Father, I pray thy aid! a moment
since

A noble huntsman from the mountain
fell;

His steel-gray steed is mangled unto
death,

And he, unconscious, lieth on the
sward."

The pious hermit rose and with the
boy

Hastened to where the injured hunts-
man lay.

For proud Rinaldo in the morn went
forth

With steed in silver trappings gaily
dight,

To chase the deer along the mountain
side.

And as he rode across his broad do-
mains

With all his fawning followers, the
serfs

Who labored in his fields looked after
him

And cursed him for his cruelty and
greed ;

For little recked Rinaldo of the poor.
His days he spent in sports and selfish
ease,

His nights in wassail and unholy
love ;

The poor he deemed but soulless crea-
tures made

To labor for his gain ; so now they
raised

Their eyes and cursed him as he hur-
ried by.

The blaring horns and deep-mouthed
hounds awaked

The echoes in the mountain ; and the
deer

Bounded with nimble stride o'er fell
and brake.

Far in the lead Rinaldo rode, his
steed

Flying along the rugged path, till
soon

The sounds of hound and horn died
on his ear.

Then turned the stag, and darting
down the slope

Was lost among the trees; and the
brave horse

Following, missed his footing and
was hurled

Down the steep mountain side to
mangled death.

So the sweet boy came to the hermit's
cave

Asking for aid ; and with the holy
man

Bore the hurt huntsman to the lowly
place,

And dressed his wounds and nursed
him tenderly

Day after day. But when with wak-
ing strength

Came consciousness, the boy was seen
no more.

Still Ambrose tended all Rinaldo's
wants,

And went upon his errands, and with
herbs,

Whose healing virtues he had learned
from use,

Woody the weak body back to ruddy
health.

One morn while near the cave Ri-
naldo slept
Dreaming of home, the old man stood
apart,
And sang with voice that echoed
down the hills
Like organ tones in a cathedral
aisle :—

“ How long, O Lord, how long shall
strife and greed
Oppress Thy sons, and leave them in
their need
Bowed under weariness, weak slaves
of might?
Too long, O Lord, too long hath sav-
ing Love
Denied his warming radiance from
above!

No longer, Lord, deny the living
light!

“O speed the welcome signal through
the skies!

Out of the waking east let the sun
rise

Upon a land to Truth and Love
new-born!

O haste the golden dawn too long
delayed,

Show forth Thy face, dear God, and
every shade

Of wrong shall fly, as darkness flies
the morn.”

And as he sang he seemed at his right
hand

To feel the presence of the beauteous
boy,
But saw him not. Rinaldo from his
dream
Waked, and with rapt ear, listened to
the song
In holy awe. His careless, cruel life ;
His haughty bearing to the suffering
serfs
That labored in his fields ; the wasted
wealth
They made in want and he in riot
lavished ;
His harsh demands and slighting of
their woes
Who looked to him through tearful
eyes for pity,
Crowded upon his mind and bowed
his soul

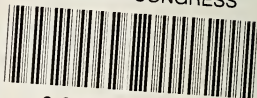
With sorrow and repentance. Rising
up,
He went and kneeled before the reverend man,
And said, with faltering voice and swelling heart,
“Father, thy blessing and thy prayers
I crave.”

While Ambrose spake the blessing
and the prayer,
With upturned eyes, a golden lustre
shone
As out of Heaven round his countenance.
Rinaldo rose in silence, and with head
Bowed on his bosom, left the lowly
place.

He counted to the poor his ill-got
wealth;
His nights and days he gave unto the
Lord;
And through the country travelled,
preaching love.
Thousands came eagerly to hear his
words;
And soon the land smiled in new
laws, and strife
Was sweetened in the holy light of
love.

Then Ambrose knew in the fair blue-
eyed boy
A guardian Angel, and he blessed the
Lord.

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